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TWO IN ARCADIA

BY

LUCINE FINCH

BRENTANOS
NEW YORK
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Two in Arcadia.

VORSPIEL

(*Wild Geese*)

Geese and Lovers,
Lovers and Geese!
Sometimes a quarrel
And sometimes—peace.

Come over the sea to me, to me,
  Come over the sea to me!
The little ships go sailing by,
  But never a ship brings thee!

There were no words, if I remember,
But something subtler, deeper, Love.
The night it was a cold December
With a shiv'ry, silver moon above—
But in our hearts—the flame of love!

The moon, the moon and a wide, blue sea,
A boat, a breeze, and you and me!

Every night is our night.
But when the moon is high,
I think the *world* belongs to us,
The earth. the sea, the sky!

There are snow peaks in your heart,
And a grayness that is cold.
But wisdom comes with loving, sweet,
And all your moods my love can meet—
Because my love is bold!

Into the night we went, we two,
  Under the comfort of the moon.
The sky was pale and the poplar-trees
    Swayed in the wind,
    Swayed and swung.
  And the dear night passed too soon!

In the twilight
We parted,
In the night,
Broken-hearted,
We dreamed a sweet dream.
Then we met and we parted
Again, broken-hearted.
But — dreams come again!

Over the meadows—
To go! To go!
Just You and Me—
In the afterglow!

The moon is the lovers' lantern.
With paths of palest gold
She lights the lovers' night way.
The moon—is never old!

ON PASSING HER WINDOW

Through the midnight my soul comes winging,
In the darkness my heart is singing.
All my soul to your soul I am flinging!
And I'm singing to draw you to me,
All to me!
To draw you to me!

HER REPLY

Out of the midnight
I hear you singing!
O, my Beloved, I hear you singing,
And, though I silent must lie,
My heart sings with your heart,
My heart sings with yours!

Spring in the hills, Beloved!
On the side of a meadowed slope!
And love in our hearts, Beloved,
Love and Spring and Hope!

The sun is like a world of fire
And I am like the sun!
I shall burn through all the dreary worlds
Until my flame is done.
O, Heart's Desire!
My fire, my fire
Shall burn for only one!

The sun is the flame of the desert,
And you are the flame of my heart!
Dreary indeed is the desert unsunned,
And dreary without you, my heart.

Oh, the poor, pale moon, Beloved!
She paled when you left me here.
Come back to us, to the moon and me.
The moon understands us, dear.

Oh, the glow of the sun
And the red of the lake
And the shade of the bending tree!
Oh, the sound of the waves
And the sight of a sail!
Oh, the song in my heart for thee!

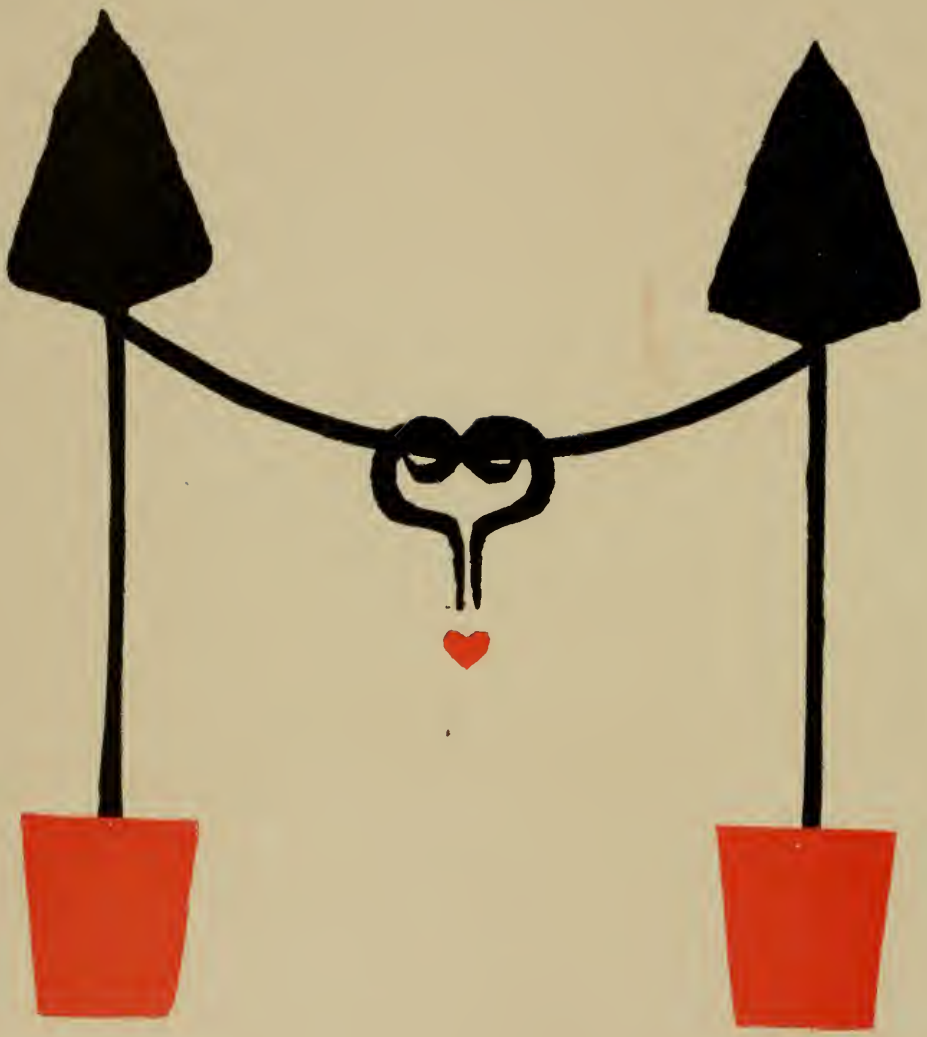
I hear the sea call to the moon,
I hear the moon murm'ring as she sails,
"I cannot fail thee,
Why dost thou fear me?"

I hear the wind sing to the pine-tree,
I hear the pine-tree whisp'ring as she sways,
"I cannot fail thee,
Why dost thou fear me?"

I hear my heart cry to your heart
I hear your heart beating 'gainst my own,
"I cannot fail thee,
Why dost thou fear me?"

You are so dear, so dear,
That all things else seem dear,
The wonder of our loving
Has made all else seem dear!

Under the moon in the garden
  The pale lilies sleep and sway.
And thou, dear white flower-woman,
  Sleep thou until the day!



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